

The Pentecost on
the Congo.

by

Henry Richards.

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The Pentecost on *the Congo.*



STENOGRAPHIC REPORT Division
OF Section
ADDRESS

BY
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REV. HENRY RICHARDS,

MISSIONARY,

OF THE

American Baptist Missionary Union,

AT BANZA MANTEKE,

AFRICA.

Rev. Henry Richards went from England to Africa as a Missionary of the Livingston Inland Mission in 1879. He established a Station at Banza Manteke, one hundred and fifty miles up from the mouth of the Congo, and ten miles South of that River. He labored there seven years before the first native was converted. Meanwhile, the Mission, by its own voluntary proffer, had been transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union. Mr. Richards came to us with the Mission, and continued his great work at Banza Manteke under the new auspices. He is now the Pastor of a large Baptist Church there and the only apostle of the Lord Jesus in the wide region roundabout. A year or more ago Mr. and Mrs. Richards returned to England for rest, for they were worn by the excessive labors of years. By request of the Executive Committee of the Missionary Union Mr. Richards came to our country to tell the wonderful story of the Lord's work in the Congo to our people. He has spoken well nigh a hundred times in different sections of our land and to the great delight and profit of our churches. From a great many, East and West, the request has come that the inspiring address might appear in print, "verbatim et literatim." The cry for it has been heard. The dear missionary, honored of God and loved by American Baptists, will in a few weeks be again at Banza Manteke to take up the work which he was obliged to leave to another for the while, but we who heard him, and thousands who did not, will read his marvellous story, and follow him with our prayers.

A. H. BURLINGHAM.

Times Building, New York,

Feb. 15, 1891.

“God is love,” and if He is love He cannot help loving ; and He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son ” to die for it ; and after the Son died to accomplish the work of redemption. After He had risen again, and “brought life and immortality to light,” He said to His disciples : “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to the whole creation.” He means to establish a kingdom which is to be universal and eternal. Sometimes as one looks abroad on the earth and knows how heathendom is increasing faster than Christianity, one’s heart is apt to sink ; still the promise is “the kingdoms of this earth are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.” It is encouraging to read such promises as we have given us in God’s word twenty-four centuries ago. Such promises as we have in the book of Daniel. “And there was given unto Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom ; that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him ; His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that shall not be destroyed.” “And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him.” The early disciples of Christ could not understand that the kingdom of Christ was not to be a temporal kingdom. After speaking to them for forty days concerning the kingdom they said to Him : “Wilt thou restore the kingdom to Israel ?” They could not think that this kingdom was to be for any but Israel, and so Christ said that “it was not for them to know of the times and seasons.” I cannot make you understand this kingdom now, but “when the Holy Spirit is come upon you,” you will understand that the kingdom is to be a spiritual kingdom ; not for the Jews alone, but for the whole world. After the day of Pentecost Peter seems to understand much better than before ; his mind and heart seem broadened, and he can say that “the promise is to you and your children and all that are afar off,” and God taught Peter this lesson by sending him to Cornelius ; but even after this he did not appear to get over the old Jewish idea, and God raised up a special apostle to preach especially to the Gentiles. There seems to be a good deal of that Jewish spirit about us. There is no doubt but that God took the privilege of preach-

ing the gospel away from the Jews because they refused to do it, and gave it to the Gentiles of Europe and America, and has opened up the world to them, and if they do not give the world the gospel, no doubt God will raise up some other race and take that privilege of preaching from them. I suppose that, however, God will not hold us responsible for not preaching to a people unknown to us.

Africa has been called the "Dark Continent" because it was unknown to us; because it was unknown to geographers, except a few parts of it on the borders; but from a geographical standpoint it can no longer be called the "Dark Continent." There are probably a few places where a missionary could not go and settle down among the people and preach the gospel, but it is still, morally and spiritually, the "Dark Continent."

Stanley tells us that he travelled from Zanzibar around the lakes and down the Congo to Banana for one thousand days, except one, and though many thousands of people passed before him every day, he did not find one that knew the Lord Jesus Christ, or knew that there was salvation provided for man. Then it was that some Christians began to think that it was time that these people should know of Christ, and a mission was started in 1878. The reason why this region was unknown for so long, probably most of you know; that it was owing to the formation of the continent, which has been compared to a saucer turned upside down, necessitating in its rivers fierce rapids and huge cataracts. The Congo is no exception to this rule. Although the mouth of the Congo has been known for more than four hundred years, yet no more than one hundred miles had been known until Stanley came down. Large expeditions had been sent out to explore that region, but had failed to do so. The river is only navigable for one hundred miles from the mouth. Then you get two hundred miles of cataracts, from Yellala to Stanley Pool. No steamer could ascend those cataracts, and as one leaves the river, other difficulties at once meet him. There are no roads, simply narrow paths, leading from village to village, through long grass growing from six to eighth feet high, over mountains and hills, down through valleys and deep ravines, across rivers and streams, through woods and over rocks in endless variety. There were no means of transportation; no wagons, no beasts of burden, and no native porters that we could obtain at that time. Besides, the climate is very dangerous. Two missionaries, however, were sent out in 1879 with a few cases of provisions and a few supplies for barter, to penetrate this

region from Yellala to Stanley Pool. Two missionaries were expected to do what large expeditions had failed to do. Everything must be taken; provisions, barter goods, such as calico, spoons, plates, etc., as there is no money currency. You must also take your own tents, furniture, medicine, and everything eventually necessary, as there are no hotels in that region. These missionaries did not, however, get as far as Stanley Pool, but they did well, and got as far as a place called Palabala, about four or five miles south of the Congo River and about ten miles above the first cataract, and they established a station there on the hills about sixteen hundred feet high.

In 1879 I was sent out with some others to try to get to Stanley Pool, if possible or at least get beyond Palabala forty or fifty miles, and to establish a station, hoping in this way to establish a chain of stations, and so to reach Stanley Pool. The idea was to get to Stanley Pool and establish a station there, and put a steamer on the upper Congo, and preach the gospel to the people; but this undertaking was much more difficult than at first expected. It took many years before we were established at Stanley Pool and many precious lives were laid down. Why the people of the cataract region and the lower Congo should be counted as unworthy of the gospel, I never could understand. It seemed a mania at that time to get to Stanley Pool, but now there are two mission steamers plying on the upper Congo, and there will soon be another; but there are comparatively few stations there. The missionaries are not forthcoming, and while we are delaying difficulties are arising; traders and others are going into the interior, and they do a great deal more harm, I think, to the missionary cause than they do good. Probably gin and rum, powder and guns will soon be pouring into the country, notwithstanding the law to prohibit drink where it has not already been introduced. It has already been introduced on the coast, and what is to prevent native traders from using this railroad, which is being built to connect the lower and upper Congo, to bring these things into the interior? The people are born traders, and take things from market to market. Native markets are established all over the country, and long before the white man had ever been there guns, powder and other things had found their way into the interior.

The difficulties of transport were enormous. The first two missionaries obtained Kroo-boys from the Kroo coast. As they were only engaged for one year their fare had to be paid down and up, and this was rather expensive to use them as porters, and so

our Society said, "Why not try donkeys? They are very hardy animals." So we got five or six donkeys from the island of Teneriffe, as that was a warm climate, and we thought donkeys from there could probably stand the climate of Africa better than if we got them from a colder climate. Our donkeys were landed at a place called Masuka. We had to make our own saddles of canvas that we had with us, and we loaded up our donkeys and started off for Palabala, a distance of fifteen miles. This road had never been travelled before by a white man, but as the only trader there promised us a guide, we did not think it would be at all difficult to find our way there. Well, we started off in good style and it seemed quite a success. Presently our path led down to a stream of water. At the bottom of the stream were rocks and boulders and large stones, which made the stream very difficult to ford, never intended evidently for donkeys or anybody else to cross. The first donkeys crossed all right, and then it came to my donkey, and it refused to go across. I gently encouraged it with a little strap I had, and it gave a spring and jumped right into the middle of the stream. The water was about three feet deep, and when it got in it did not go right across, as I expected it would, but quietly sat down in the middle of the stream, bales and all. The donkey seemed to say, "Well, now, this is a very hot day; this water is deliciously cool; why not let me alone?" We urged it, but it refused to move, and we had to take a bath ourselves. We got in the water and took the bales off and got the donkey out and started off on the other side. Then the path began to lead up the hill, and the bales began to slip back, and we had to fix them from time to time to keep them from slipping back. This made it very tiresome: but at last we got to the top of the hill. And then the path began to lead down a very steep hill, and the bales would persist in going forward until they reached the donkey's neck, and then it would hold down its head, and the bales would, of course, go over. At last the sun began to go down, and the twilight is very short, and we began to think it was time to put up for the night. We put up our tents, but as the distance, which we had expected to go, was only fifteen miles, we had made very little provision for the journey. The other missionary spread out his blankets and soon he fell asleep. I knew there were scorpions, snakes and jiggars, and I did not care to sleep with them as companions; so I spread out my blankets on the bales and boxes, and put a blanket on the top, which looked very comfortable; but when I stretched myself out on it I found that the edges of the boxes were not at all soft, so I preferred to

sit up, as I had never slept out of a bed before. The next morning we started off again, and the path led along the side of a very precipitous hill. The path being very narrow, I trembled for the safety of the donkeys, believing that if they fell they would certainly be killed. Presently my donkey lost its footing and fell, and began to roll down the side of the hill. I was obliged to let go the rope, and then it began to roll faster and faster down through the grass, and all I could see flying through the air were hoofs and bales, faster and faster until suddenly stopped by a tree that was growing out of the side of the hill. We went down expecting to find the donkey dead, if not in pieces, but found that it was still breathing. We got the bales off and got them up. After much hard work we succeeded in pulling and hauling the donkey out on the path, and we put the bales on the donkey's back and off we started again. It did not seem to be injured at all. We got on this way until we reached Palabala on the fifth day, a distance of fifteen miles. We had learned much from this, our first travelling in Africa, and made preparations to start off into the interior toward Stanley Pool. No one knew what was on before. No one had ever been that way, and we got about fifty or sixty miles beyond Palabala at a place called Riverlee. The path appeared to end and there seemed to be a ferry, but no canoes or boats could be seen which we could engage to take us across. Our provisions and cloth were nearly finished, and the other two missionaries thought that we had better return. We got back about ten miles from the river to a place called Banza Manteke, and as there were a good many villages about there and the people looked rather friendly, I thought it a good place to establish a station, and I could not see the use of returning to Palabala, as I had agreed to establish a station beyond, if possible.

As we only had one tent we built a hut in two days out of the long grass growing there, and in September, 1879, I found myself alone among those people and entirely unknown to me. I knew nothing of their customs nor their language.

They might have been cannibals ; they might have eaten me up, for I knew when darkness came on I began to feel lonely and thought of those I had left behind. I tried hard to banish such thoughts, and said to myself, I have given myself to missionary work and must settle down and make my home here." I at once began to try to study the people and found it very difficult as I could not understand their language. It is very difficult to find out the customs and beliefs of the heathen. You might live there

for twenty years and know very little about them. There are some things which you will soon find out without any difficulty whatever. The people there appear to suffer from a disease called kleptomania. They would soon relieve you from the care of your things if you would allow them. I would wash my hands outside my hut, and they would think soap a very nice thing to wash with, and as I turned round and left it was gone and everything else that you left about. I would look into their faces and accuse them of stealing and taking my things, and they would look innocently into mine and deny it and not even blush. I soon found out that they were unable to speak the truth, and that they considered it quite a compliment to be called a liar.

The greatest difficulty to begin with was the language. I had at once to begin, as I had two kroo boys with me for whom I had to provide food and I had to barter. As I could not talk I would hold up a piece of cloth and look at the potatoes and fowls, and they would nod assent. They would take possession of the cloth and I would take the potatoes and fowls. I went on in this way for some time and found that this would not do, but must in some way get hold of the language. They had no dictionaries nor grammars, nor books nor literature. No white man had ever acquired the language. I got a note book and placed it outside of my hut on a little table, or rather box, and determined to write down everything I could hear, phonetically, and write down what I thought it meant, until I got quite a number of words, phrases and sentences. I at once began to use them. Although the people would laugh at my pronunciations and the way I put the words together. I did not mind that. I found it very difficult to get hold of some words. I tried to get hold of the word "mother," as I saw that there was great affection between the mothers and the children. At last I got hold of a word which I thought meant mother. The word was "ukuluntu" which I afterwards found meant a full grown man, and I was about as near as this in many other words. For instance, I was about three months in getting the word for "yesterday." At last I began to try to get hold of the grammar of the language. This I found difficult. For instance, I began with the nouns and wanted to get the plurals and, of course, expected to see the change at the end of the word, but never could hear any. I would hear "dinkondo" (plantain) but I wanted to say plantains. At last I heard a man say "monkondo," and I said that is the plural, "di," singular, "ma," plural. Then I hear "nsusu" (fowl), and I thought the plural would be "mansusu," and

I would say "mansusu," and they would laugh and say, "not so, but "zinsusu." Then I got hold of the word "muntu" and I expected that the plural would be "man.nuntu," but no, it was "antu." So I went on and found that there were sixteen classes of nouns. The noun is the governing word in the sentence. Nouns have prefixes which go right through the sentence. This is what is called the alliterative concord. For instance, it might be illustrated by the word "finsusu," a little fowl. "Finsu fiame fiatina finabudianya masanya," (the little fowl of mine there eats corn).

Then after a time I began to try to get hold of some prepositions. I got hold to the word "vonda," to kill, but I wanted to say "kill for me," but I could not get hold of the word "for." About this time I heard the word "vondila"; by this I found that "ila" was used instead of for. "Ila" by itself, of course, meant nothing, but connected with the verb meant "for." "Vondila" to kill for. Then I heard the word "vondisa." "Isa" was the causitive, "vondisa" to cause to kill. Then I heard "vondisila," which I found meant to cause to kill for. "Isa" is the causitive and "ila" the applied form. The fowls were fighting and I heard them say "zinsusu zinabuvondasana," the fowls are killing each other. We called that the reciprocal form. I went on in that way until I found that there were seventeen different classes of verbs. There are also very many tenses, besides the ordinary tenses, present, past and future, which have specific forms. For instance, "Npondilenyi," which is from "vonda," means I killed this morning; "nyiaavondila," I killed yesterday. From these stems you can form nouns. "Tonda," to thank; "tondula" is the reversitive form of the verb, which would mean to be unthankful or ungrateful. From this word you could form the noun "lutondula," ingratitude, and in this way we have very expressive nouns. "Zola" to love; "zolasana" to love each other, which is the reciprocal form; and from this you can form the noun "luzolasunu," a loving of each other. So you will see that this language is not, as some suppose, a mere jargon, but it is a beautiful language, very euphonious and flowing, with numerous inflexions. It is very expressive and you can express almost any thought you wish. When this language is once known it is very easy to preach, and translate the scriptures into it. I think that if some of our best linguists were to try to form a perfect language they could not do better than follow the Congo language. The language seems to be altogether superior to the people, and there must have been a time

when they were in a high state of civilization, but have somehow, or by some means degenerated. The great Bantu languages, spoken from about six degrees north of the equator down to the Cape evidently ruled and belonged to one people. The language spoken in Zanzibar is related to our Banza Manteke, as many of the words are identical and the construction of the language is very much the same. The word "Nzain Nzambebizi" is the same as used in Victoria Nza and Albert Nza and Nyazsa and Taganika. The native word for the Congo River is not Congo, but "Nzadi." "Nbizi," a fish, "nza" a river and "Zambesi," a fish-river.

After being able to use the language a little, I began to try to find out the customs, superstitions and religion of the people, I asked them who made the sun, the moon, the stars, the plantains and potatoes and everything else, and they said, "Nzambi." I asked them where "Nzambi" lived, and they said in the heavens. One said that when it thundered that "Nzambi" was boiling his pot. So they know there is a great creator. Then I asked them why they did not worship "Nzambi," but no, they did not think he was a good God and they did not thank him. He did not concern himself about them; he was too far away. They were as Paul described the heathen in the first chapter of Romans (ver. 19:25). They have little images cut out of wood like themselves, bird's heads and bird's beaks and bird's claws; snake's heads and snake's eggs; little wooden images cut out like animals; these are their gods, or their charms. In them they trust for protection, for protection from harm, from sickness and death, and misfortune, but they never expect to receive any blessings from them. The idea is to keep away the power of witchcraft or evil spirits. They believe sickness and death, and all misfortune, due to witchcraft. If there were no witches there would be no sickness and death. They have charms to counteract the power of the witchcraft. They have witch doctors which they call "Zinganga." For instance, if a person is sick, they send for the zinganga. He comes with a great many incantations and tries to drive the devil out, but he does not often succeed, and then if the one who is sick does not get better, they have what is called "vintula moyu" (returning life), and the zinganga comes and performs more incantations, and then they take up the sick person and throw him violently to and fro to return life, and often they drive out the little life there is. At other times the zinganga is sent for and he points out the witch, and this person has to take poison. He will of course often protest and say

that he does not bewitch any one, and has no desire to do so, nevertheless, he must come and take the poison. If he vomits it, they say that he is innocent, and if it kills him, he is guilty. In the case of the death of a prominent man, especially a chief, they do not do this, but the zinganga points out a man and he is taken to a hill top and sometimes they shoot him, sometimes they cut his throat and sometimes they burn him. No doubt thousands of innocent people in Africa are slaughtered daily. Travellers and others passing through the country and seeing these things pronounce these people to be very cruel and barbarous, delighting in shedding of blood, and sometimes imagine that they have seen cannibals; but I do not believe the African is by any means naturally a cruel man. I believe the Anglo-Saxon to be naturally far more cruel and brutal than the African. When graceless white men go away from all the restraints of society, from public opinion, from the salt of the earth, from the indirect influences of Christianity, they seem to become demons. I have seen more brutal things done by one white man in one day than I have ever seen done among the Africans all the time I have lived among them. It is not from cruelty that the Africans poison and kill each other in the way described, but it is because they believe those persons condemned by the zinganga to be guilty as we do when persons are condemned by a judge and jury in a court of justice.

After a time I began to try to show them that sickness and death and all our misfortunes were not due to witchcraft, but to sin. So I began to give them an account of the creation and the fall, as we have in Genesis; to show them that we inherited sin from our first parents and through sin death and sickness and all our woes come. I began to try to show them that God was not only a great creator and all powerful, but was also kind and loving. I remember one day I was trying to show them that God is good, and one man said to me, "Is that so?" We have an insect called the jigger, introduced in the Congo about fifty years ago from Brazil, but is now spread over the whole Congo region. In appearance it is very much like a small flea, almost microscopical. It gets in under the toe-nails, or into any hard place in the bottom of the foot, or almost anywhere where it can find a home, but especially under the nails. There they make a little bag about the size of a pea and this bag is filled with jigger eggs, and if not taken out they go on making these bags until a person will lose the toe if they are not removed. It is quite a common thing to come across natives with one or two toes goue from their feet. It

is no doubt the greatest pest that we have in the Congo. As I was trying to tell this native that God was good, he said to me, "You say God is good," and he pointed to the ground, and said, "Who made the jigger?" They would ask questions that were not easily answered. Sometimes I could answer these questions to their satisfaction, but not always to my own. I went on this way, teaching them about the creation, the fall, the flood, and giving them some account of the children of Israel, thinking it was necessary to give them some idea of the Old Testament before commencing with the New. I continued this until I had been in Africa four years. During that time I had suffered much with fever. When I first went to Banza Manteke I had it every three weeks, and the hardships of this pioneer work had reduced me so much that I was obliged to return home for rest. The people were just as much heathen as when I went there; I saw no change whatever. Just as I was thinking of returning again to Congo, there was one thing that troubled me very much, and that was that the Congo people did not feel themselves to be sinners. I mentioned this to a prominent Christian worker who had great experience in mission work, and said I did not see how I could preach a Saviour until they felt themselves sinners. I was advised to go back and preach the law. "You know it is the law that convices of sin;" and I thought to myself, well, no doubt that is so. On reaching Banza Manteke, the first thing I did was to translate the Ten Commandments, and began to read and expound them to the people. I asked them after I had finished reading them if they thought they were good, and they always assented that they were *very* good, and I would ask them if they had kept these laws, and they would all say "Yes." God says, "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me; thou shalt not make any idols." "You do not worship God and you make idols; how do you say that you keep these commandments?" They would answer, "We do." I would say that we had all sinned and broken these laws, and they would say, "The white man may be a sinner; the people on the top may be sinners; and those below may be sinners; but we are not." One day there was a man in the company that I was speaking to who had stolen from me, and I thought I would test him at the risk of getting myself into trouble. I said to this man, "Thou shalt not steal. Have you kept that commandment?" He said, "Yes." I said, "How about that hammock you stole from me?" "You do not call that stealing, do you? I only took it away." "How about the peanuts we caught you taking out of the

house?" He became very indignant and said, "The white man has called me a thief before these people. He has disgraced my character and ruined my reputation." And he turned away from me in disgust. This confirmed me in my opinion that the people had no consciences. I went on in this way for six years, and the people were no better than when I first went there, as far as I could see. They went on with the poison giving and the disgusting night dances, and did not seem one whit better than when I first saw them. I had lived a long time among these people, and sometimes my heart would almost faint to see the little progress that had been made. I began to think that it was almost hopeless to expect the old people to become converted, and so thought it best to work among the young. Travellers said that missionaries were out of place in the Congo. Possibly after one or two hundred years of civilizing they might be able to understand what we wish to teach them, but at present they were utterly incapable of comprehending such mental things as we taught. This did not in any way strengthen our faith. At this time my wife was with me, and worked hard among the women and children trying to bring them to Christ. She became very ill and was obliged to go home. She was so ill that she had to be carried on board the ship, but was quite willing to go alone among strangers from Congo to England, and that I should stay and work, as she was very anxious that the work should go on. I think she showed herself quite as brave as Stanley. After she left I became very ill. I had an attack of bilious hemorrhagic fever, which is a very fatal form, and has carried off many of our missionaries, and it nearly carried me off. I began to think very seriously about my past experience. No one could tell what we first missionaries passed through. I believe that if it were all written down few would believe it. I began to think, now what is this all for. Probably my wife will die on her way home and I perhaps shall die here. The people are no better at Banza Manteke than they were six years ago. The only difference was that they seemed to respect me more. They look upon the white man as a demon, but by relieving them with medicine and protecting them from the white men who passed through their country and tried to impose upon them, I gained their respect. One time when there was war between our people and the people of another tribe I got up and walked between the two parties, and they stopped fighting, and the next day they came and thanked me, and said that they would have been crying over their friends if I had not stopped them, as their people were related, but otherwise the

people were just as heathen as ever. Being weak and unable to preach I began to study the scriptures, and to feel there was some mistake in my preaching. In the early days souls were converted, why not now? Is the gospel less powerful now than then? If heathen then turned from dumb idols to serve the living God, why should not these people in Banza Manteke do the same? In studying the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles I began to see my mistake; especially in reading the last great commission. It does not say, "Go ye into all the world and preach Law, or Moses, or Judaism," but "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." The gospel is not law. What does the Lord Jesus mean when He says, "Not to put new wine into old bottle skins, because the wine will burst the skins"? What does he mean here except that you must not mix up my gospel with Judaism? The gospel is not law. Law came by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

So I determined that I would preach the gospel. This is what I found the early disciples did. They did not preach law. Peter accuses the people of the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ five times in four chapters. There was another thing that struck me very much in reading the end of Luke and the first of the Acts. It is said that they were not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait until they were endued with power from on high. This seems very strange, as they had been preachers throughout Palestine. They had cast out devils, cured the sick, but now they were to get a new power, and I began to think seriously that I had not this power, and began to cry out for it. I know this point is discussed in these days. One prominent man says that the Holy Ghost was given on the Day of Pentecost, and that we have no more right to ask for a fresh enduement than to ask Christ to come back and die again. I believe that this is so; that the Spirit is still in the world. It is said that when a man becomes a Christian he has the Holy Spirit, and there is no more to accept. There seems to me to be a difference between a man being simply a Christian and having this power from on high for service, for we read that Philip after the Day of Pentecost went to Samaria and preached and many believed and were baptized. They were Christians; they were Baptists. You could not keep them away from the Lord's table; and yet we read that Peter and John went down and prayed that they might receive the Holy Spirit, for as yet the Holy Spirit had fallen upon none of them. After the praying and laying on of the Apostles' hands the Holy Ghost came upon them. No doubt there are times when people receive

this power when they are converted, as in the case of Cornelius, when we read that the Holy Ghost came upon him while Peter was preaching. I had never at this time heard of this distinction, but have since read books on this subject. The idea of special power for service seems to run through the scriptures. Isa. vi : 5 ; Jer. i : 9-10 ; Luke iv : 1, 18 ; Luke xxiv : 49 ; Acts 1, 4-8.

I went back to Banza Manteke with a different idea, and determined to preach the gospel, and cry out for this power from on high. Then I had to decide as to what the gospel was. If I preached Jesus and Him crucified, they would want to know who Jesus was. I considered it necessary to teach the Incarnation, life, death, resurrection, miracles, teaching, intercession, and coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ. I considered that the best way to do this was to take Luke's Gospel, as this seemed the most complete and most suitable for Gentiles. I began translating ten or twelve verses a day as best I could, and then read and expounded them to the people, asking God to bless His word. The people were at once more interested in the gospel than when I preached the law, for when I preached the law the people were evidently irritated and turned away from me, as they did not like to be accused of sin. When I preached of the Lord Jesus' coming as a baby, growing up to be a boy, and that he went about doing good, the people were at once interested, and I began to get hopeful, my faith was strengthened and believed that anybody could be converted. This went on very well until I got to the sixth chapter of Luke, thirtieth verse, then another difficulty arose. I should mention in describing the character of the people that they were notorious beggars. They would ask for anything they saw. They would ask for my only knife, blanket or plate, and I would say that I could not give them to them, and they would say, "You can get more." They would see me write a note and send it down to Palabala and things would come up, and they thought the white man by merely writing a note could get everything he wanted, and wasn't he mean and selfish not to give them all they asked for. Now here comes the text, "Give to every one that asketh thee." I had been in the habit of taking things in their order. The man who helped me with my translating did not see my difficulty, and I told him that I did not need him further that day, and went to my room and prayed. The time for the service was coming on. We had daily service, and the thought came why not pass over that verse, and then my conscience stung me, which said that that would not be honest. Service time came, but I did not go on with the gospel, but went back to

the beginning, and I thought this would give me some time to consider the meaning of this text. I could not find that it meant anything else than what it said. I consulted a commentary, and I have often done this before, and very often found that it says nothing about the very text which I wished to know about, but this did say something. It said the Lord is speaking on general principles, and we should do a great deal of harm instead of doing good if we were to take it literally, for we should give to idlers, drunkards, etc. What the Lord Jesus means is simply that you should be kind and generous, and give to those who are really in need ; but you have also to use your common sense. I thought after reading this why did not Jesus say just what he meant. Was he so badly educated that he could not express his thoughts correctly? If he does not mean what he says here, how can I know that he does in other places? I know that he uses figures and parables that may be interpreted differently, but here is a text that a child can understand, and if this text can be interpreted into being kind and generous, why not others on the same broad principles?

If we are allowed to interpret scriptures in this way we might teach any doctrine we like from them. When He says, "He that believeth in me hath eternal life," we believe He means what He says ; but suppose this eternal does not refer to time so much as to quality. Some people tell us that the word eternal does not mean eternal. We believe that He means what it says, eternal life, and we rest content, knowing that one day we shall see His face, because He has said so. Then as to common sense, there seems to be very little what is ordinarily called common sense in the sermon on the mount. Would common sense ever dictate such precepts as these—"Blessed are the poor," "the hungry," "the weeping." "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." Is this according to common sense? Does not common sense teach us that we are blessed when we have everything and are well off and happy? We are to love those who hate us, and to pray for our enemies ; would common sense dictate this? Would common sense say, "if a man strikes you on one cheek, turn to him the other?" Common sense would say, "if a man strikes you on one cheek you give him another." Would common sense say, "if thy enemy hunger, feed him?" Common sense would say, let him starve and the quicker he is dead the better. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but treasures in heaven." Does not common sense say, "lay up a good store for this earth and then talk of spiritual things." "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and His

righteousness." Does not common sense say, secure the dollars by might ?

Those publicans and sinners seem to be not at all a bad class of people as described here, or lacking in common sense, for they love those who love them, and they do good to those who do good to them, and they lent if they expected to get it back again ; but we are not to be like them, but like our Father in Heaven, who is kind to the unthankful and evil. What is called common sense is often nothing but common conceit, or common selfishness.

A missionary passed down at this time, and I mentioned to him my difficulty, but he smiled and said, "No one lives up to the Gospel literally like that," and passed on. I never have been able to see how it could be understood figuratively. Our commander has given us a very solemn warning at the end of his sermon on the mount (Luke vi., 46-49): "And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Every one that cometh unto me, and heareth my words, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like ; he is like a man building a house, who digged and went deep, and laid a foundation upon the rock ; and when a flood arose, the stream brake against that house, and could not shake it, because it had been well builded. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that built a house upon the earth without a foundation ; against which the stream brake, and straightway it fell in ; and the ruin of that house was great." Besides, this text is a command, and one command is just as important as another. When we read "speak evil of no man," we have no more right to break that commandment than we have to murder or steal. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." We have to be careful when we interpret the scriptures that we do not interpolate.

After about a fortnight of prayer and consideration, I came to the conclusion that the Lord Jesus meant just what He said, and I went and read it to the people. I told them that they knew I had not lived this, but Jesus meant just what he said. If I had told them that Jesus did not mean what He said they would have called me a fool. I told them that God had set before us a very high standard but it would probably take me a life-time to live up to it, but I meant to live what I preached to them. The natives there have common sense, and they would easily see any discrepancy between a man's life and preaching. After the address was over the natives began to ask me for things ; one asked me for this and another for that, and I gave to them. I began to think

whereunto this would grow, but I told the Lord that I could not see that he meant anything different from what he said. I would test this text, and though I could not understand all, I would wait until I could. This went on for a day or two, and there was one consolation about it that at this time we had very few goods, as the Livingston Inland mission was being transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union, and our things were somewhat delayed. We attach no blame to any one, but when you have only a few things those things become all the more precious. This created quite a stir among the people. They had never heard such preaching, nor seen such living, and they would now listen eagerly to the word of God. One day a group of people was waiting outside after the service, and from the window in my house I could see them, but they could not see me, and one said, "I got this from the white man yesterday," and another said, "I am going to ask the white man for things like that," but another said "no, if you want it, buy it," another "yes, buy it if you want it." After that I lived there three years amongst these people and they rarely asked me for a thing. A missionary came up during the revival, and said that he was delighted to see the people turning from dumb idols to God, and he asked how it began. I told him my experience, and about my difficulty with that text, and he asked if I supposed that it really meant what it said. Then he said, "But these people know you; you have lived here for seven years, but if you were to go to Palabala they would ask for your house and turn you out." I had been to Palabala and they always did beg, but my wife and I went there afterwards and remained a week and no one asked me for a single thing.

We were asked how we would live up to this when we got back to England, as there was so much distress there. We lived there for more than a year but found no difficulty in carrying out that text. My wife could not at first see with me in regard to this text. One day as we were coming home from a chapel in Bridgewater we met a man when we were about half a mile from our house, who asked for some help, but I had nothing with me, but told him that if he would come back to the house I would give him something. I gave him some money, and my wife asked him in and gave him a good meal. About three months after this we were going into the same chapel when we met a respectably dressed man and he came over and said, "I want to thank you," I said, "Thank me for what?" and he said, "Do you not remember that I met you here when I was in great distress and despair

and you helped me just in the nick of time. I have got work and am very well off, and have just been married and I am very happy, and want to thank you." My wife knew of this case and some others, and she has come to the conclusion with me that the Lord Jesus means what he says. We have found it not only possible but profitable to take the word literally. Before this I had given money and seen people walk straight into the Public House, but since, I have never seen such a thing, and I do not believe that the Lord lets the ordinary beggar ask me, but that those who do ask are really in need. We have had proofs of this. Seeing how this text turned out has greatly increased my faith. We have no right to put in our "ifs" and "buts," but simply to obey, and dismiss all anxiety as to the results.

I went on translating and expounding Luke's Gospel, and the interest increased continually. I began to speak to the people of the Holy Spirit. I was afraid to do this at first, as I had to use their words to explain to them what they meant. I cried out that God would clothe me with power and let the spirit fall upon the people. The climax was reached when I got to the account of the Crucifixion of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember reading this account. There was quite a large congregation, and I said, "Now I have read to you all about Jesus, how kind and how good he was; how he gave sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, raised the dead, and did nothing but good. Now here is this loving one on the cross, nailed there between the thieves. You think those Jews were cruel because they nailed such a loving one as Jesus to the cross, but we are just as bad as they; your sins and mine nailed Jesus there. Jesus never would have died if we had not been sinners, but it is because of your sins and of my sins that Jesus died; and remember that he is the Son of God and he could blow them all away into eternity by the breath of his mouth, but while the priests are scoffing, the soldiers mocking, and the thief railing, just listen to what Jesus says: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Did you ever hear anything like that? Jesus suffered all this for your sins and mine. It seemed as if the Holy Ghost had fallen upon the people. They began to look at each other, but they were afraid to confess. I saw the power and continued preaching, and one day when I had finished preaching in a town, Lutate, who had helped me with the language, said to the people: "This white man has been here all this time. I believe those words are true words, and yet you do not believe." I thought this was a strange thing, because you do not believe

yourself. He often told me that he did believe but I saw no change in his life. As we came back through the wood he began to sing one of our Congo hymns. I saw his face shining with joy, and he said, "I do believe those words. I do believe Jesus has taken away my sins. I do believe he has saved me, and I do feel so happy." I had never seen him look or speak like that before; and I took him by the hand and gave him the name Barnaba (as they cannot conclude a word with a consonant), son of consolation, and he was a real son to me. He was the first convert at Banza Manteke, after seven years weary waiting and hard work and suffering. Lutatè showed his reality by testifying at once to the people what the Lord had done for him, and at once they became his enemies. The people banded themselves together to poison him. It was all very well, they said, to listen to what the white man said, but when he told them their charms were nothing they were very angry, and looked upon him as a traitor. The witch doctors had told them that I had got the souls of the people up over the mats that I used for a ceiling, and when I had a sufficient number of them I sent them by some mysterious way to my country to become the slaves of the white people. They believed that Lutate had gone over to my side to help bewitch those souls and was to share in the profits. So he had to leave his town at once and came down to the station to live with me, and, of course, had to leave his wife and children and all his relations. This went on for some time before there were any more conversions, but the people were greatly stirred. The king's son had been suffering a great while from his teeth. He had done all he could with the charms, and then he came to ask me to help him. I extracted three teeth for him and he got better at once. He went back to his town and put his idols in the grass, and he thought he might die before morning, as he was told he would if he insulted his idols. The next day he went still further and put them further away in the long grass. He found that nothing particular happened, and he came down to hear the word of God daily. One day I saw that he was greatly impressed and I spoke to him privately about spiritual things. He said that he did believe, but I was not satisfied, and I said he must give his heart to Jesus. He went back saying to himself, "How can I take out this heart and give it to Jesus?" We afterward explained this difficulty and he became an earnest Christian and is still one of our best Christian workers.

Shortly after this another man came down with all his idols

and placed them on the table and said in a very savage manner that he did not want them any more, that he wanted to become a Christian like those other two men. We explained to him that this was not exactly the right spirit to come in, but must come like a child. We found that he was really in earnest, and he too became a Christian and began to preach. Because he so liked preaching we called him Paul, and a short time ago he was called up higher.

One day a man came in looking the picture of wretchedness. He told us afterwards that he had not been able to sleep. All the bad things he had ever done kept coming up before his mind as he lay on his bed, and he wanted to know if Jesus could not take away his sins. We told him that was what Jesus wanted to do. So the work went on until ten were converted, but they all had to leave their towns as they were threatened with death.

I then locked up my house and took those men with me, and we went from town to town, and village to village, preaching the word of God, and all the hillside was in a stir, and soon the people began to come to the station to know what this new thing was. I was not able to go away; they came early in the day. One old man treated us with the greatest contempt possible, but came up two days afterwards just like a child and went down on his knees before me and said that he was greatly troubled about his sins. He became a Christian and was faithful until he was called home. The king's nephew, the heir apparent, became greatly enraged because the king's son had become a Christian, and had left his town, and would no doubt have killed him if he dared, and said truly, "you have another life." He meant to say that I had by some means overpowered him to come over to my side, and that he had become a traitor. He did not know how truly he was speaking when he said this man had another life. But this man came down in a few days after this just like a child, and he became a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, until he too received his reward.

Quite a Christian village was now springing up near the station and the people were about us all day long, so that we organized two regular services each day; one in the morning and one in the evening, and we had inquiry meetings all day long. The house became too small, so that we had to have our meeting in the open yard, and you would have seen a group here and a group there, and one of the first converts in the centre teaching. So the work continued and was blessed. This continued for months un-

til all the people immediately around Banza Manteke were no longer heathen. I kept a book and put down only the names of those who I thought were really converted, until I had reached over one thousand names. The influence was felt for a distance of six to eight miles. The population is comparatively sparse compared to the population in the interior.

What has been the result of all this? One thing is that the revival occurred about four years ago and a great many have gone home to heaven, and for the most part the others are holding on. Of course many are not as earnest and as devoted as we would like to have them and they are by no means perfect. We have baptized about three hundred. I believe our church is as spiritual a church as I know of anywhere. Let me mention some facts. The church chose three evangelists to spend their time in preaching the Gospel. All the members are preachers and teachers, but these three were to give their whole time. One man, David, was chosen and agreed to take four pieces of cloth a month, costing about two dollars and when the time came for him to receive his pay, I remember that he said to the church that as he went about he saw so many poor people that he could not take his pay from the church. Of course, many of them were at once persecuted. For instance, there were three who came and heard the word of God and became Christians, and went to their town Ntombu Lukuti, and told the people that they were no longer heathen, and that they loved Jesus and no longer trusted in their idols. The chief became very angry and said he would see about that, and went and fetched his gun and came out and shot all three of them. I may say just here that our people became greatly stirred over this and wanted to know if they should do nothing about this, as the people over there had called them cowards (women). I called them together and read and expounded the sixth chapter of Luke, and asked them if they were willing to submit to the Word of God, and they said that they were. Jesus said we ought to love our enemies and do good to those who hate us. Would it be good to shoot them? God says, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." In this life you will see that God will punish that man. He takes vengeance. It is far better for one to be killed than to kill another. In this way the people were pacified. Sometime after this this same chief went to another town and insulted a slave and was shot himself. The people knew all this and willingly admitted that it was best to leave vengeance with God.

Another one of the witch doctors became very angry because

his hope of gain was gone. The people had no further need of him and he became very angry and placed his house in another part of the town. He declared that the first Christian who passed him he would shoot. He put a mat outside his house and laid down, as the natives do in the middle of the day, and a snake under the mat bit him and in a very short time he was dead. The people noticed this case, and they said it was wonderful how God protected his own people.

The name of one of the evangelists was Thomas. Mr. Ingham, who is in charge at Banza Manteke in my absence, writes that this man agreed to take four pieces of cloth a month. He is a very bright man, and could get much more if he should choose to do anything else, and when the month is up Mr. Ingham writes that he returned his four pieces of cloth into the church box and gave as his contribution two pieces more. He buys books and teaches a school in his town, and buys books and pays another teacher for a school in another town. This man led his grandmother, who had grown grey in heathenism, to the Lord Jesus, and afterwards taught her to read the Word of God. And this poor old lady, when she wants to come to the services it takes her two days to come. She takes her little basket of provisions, such as potatoes, bananas, plantains, etc., and she sleeps on the way and goes on until she gets to Banza Manteke, so that she can hear the Word of God. After spending some days there and getting food, she goes back to her own town.

I may mention as another case of devotion a man called Mandombi. We have a very terrible disease in the Congo called the sleeping sickness. It has already carried off fifty of our members and probably more than one hundred of our converts. No one seems to understand the disease and no remedy has been found for it. This man, knowing that he had this disease, had worked and saved five pounds' worth of cloth, which would probably take him a year, to help pay his fare to England, so that the doctors there might study his case and make a post mortem when he was dead and find remedy, if possible, so that his people might not die off of such dreaded complaints. He not only left his wife, but two little children, and gave himself up as a sacrifice for his people.

We had to hold our services in the open air, in the hot sun. This was very trying to the preacher and to his congregation. Dr. Gordon's church in Boston heard of this and collected a sufficient fund to build a chapel. I said to the people: "Now those kind people in America have heard that you have turned to the Lord

Jesus and they want you to have a place to worship in. You see how very busy I am (I had to be their doctor, as they had given up their charms). I have no time to superintend the new building. I will get the chapel built in England and have it brought to Tondua. Will you bring it up from there to Banza Manteke?" This is a distance of between fifty and sixty miles, over a road very difficult to travel, as we have already described. Those Christians who were able went and brought up these loads until they had brought up all the chapel, about seven hundred loads. Some of them went from three to five times, and Mandombi, who has already been mentioned, brought up the first load, and I was told that he went five times, and they did this free of charge. How many hypocrites would you get to do that here? To go more than fifty miles down and fifty miles back, three or four times, and carry a load of sixty pounds and not charge anything for it! It took them a week to make each journey. These people who were thieves became honest. My wife and I lived in a grass house without any lock on the door for a whole year, and when we first went into that house our boxes were outside with the things unlocked, and nobody took anything. We left that house and went to live in another, 100 yards off. Under the verandah of this deserted house was a box without a cover and a black coat lying in the bottom. We got out these second-hand coats from England at a very cheap rate, and the men like them very much in the cold season. Although the thermometer is never below seventy, I have seen them shaking with the cold. I went over to this house after two months and found the coat still untouched. I wonder if you could do that in this country. The people who were such liars became truthful.

The people also became more industrious and more cleanly, and the women wanted to dress themselves better, and the husbands made suitable dresses for their wives. These dresses are long flowing robes made close around the neck, with long sleeves, and come down just to the ankles with a band around the waist. Many of the women are too poor to get these dresses, and it would be a real charity to give them some. The men, too, became more energetic, and now they act as carriers; in fact, carrying has become quite a trade. The people would not carry at all when I first went there, but now many of them act as porters and some of them are learning to become carpenters. When we were erecting our chapel we engaged some Accra carpenters from the west coast of Africa, and we told our men that if they wanted to learn they

must watch these carpenters. Now Mr. Ingham writes that we have good carpenters at Banza Manteke, even better than the Accra, and they are building themselves houses, bedsteads and tables, and they always bury their dead in coffins, and carpentering has become quite a trade. Many of the people at once began to build themselves better houses.

As soon as they became Christians, poison-giving, throat-cutting and witchcraft and everything that was contrary to Christianity ceased. I never told them to bring their idols, but they brought them, and at the first baptism we had a bon-fire of idols on the trade path, so that the people passing could see that our people were no longer idolaters, and surely "old things had passed away and all things had become new."

The people are still Africans, and I wish them remain so. I should feel very sorry to see them Americanized or Europeanized. They are Africans, and let them remain so. I protest against their coming to England or America, as they would see a corrupt form of Christianity, and they become proud and ambitious and give us no end of trouble when they return. We have a very primitive church, such as we read of in the time of the Apostles, just according to the New Testament. Their mode of living and their mode of dressing is far more suitable than our European way. The women, for instance, still go in the fields and do the cultivating, while the men stay at home and do the sewing. Some think this very strange, but we have no authority for interfering with the customs that are not wrong. Sometimes you will see a man trying to imitate a white man by wearing white men's clothing. He will get an old pair of trousers and an old coat with the sleeves broken and an old hat with a hole through it, and as he does not know how to put these things on, he looks like a tramp; while another man with a long cloth around his waist, and another long cloth over his shoulder, and one arm bare, looks a perfect gentleman, and very much more graceful than the white man's dress, which is very ugly. I think the dresses women wear there very much more suitable than the dresses women wear in civilized countries.

There was one difficulty we had to meet at once. The people are polygamists. The men have from two to five wives, as a rule. They are all married according to the customs of their country, and are considered by all as his wives. When they became Christians the question arose, what we should do; but as there was no one there whom I could go to for advice I had to consult the New

Testament, and I found no authority for commanding a man to put away all his wives but one and so allowed them to keep them. We told them that, of course, this was contrary to the original intention, for God only made one woman for one man, and Christ spoke specially of only wife, not wives, and in the future they must marry but one or they would be excluded. Those who had more than one were not to marry more. In this way polygamy will soon die out and the people are beginning to feel that it is a great deal better for a man to have only one wife, especially as they see the home life of the missionary, which makes a great impression upon them. This is an argument in favor of the married missionaries. I think it especially desirable that African missionaries should be married. Only women can deal with the native women privately. Woman's work is as important as a man's in that country. When my wife returned she had a glorious reception. I question if a queen ever had a more hearty reception than she had, and as she saw the change, she had some difficulty in keeping her eyes dry. At once her hands were full of work among the women and children. She had not only to be their teacher, but also their doctor, and she soon became a specialist as a baby doctor, as the women have no idea what to do when their babies are sick, and so they would apply to my wife.

They have a secret society called the Nkimbi, into which all men have to enter. All males enter this society from the age of twelve to sixteen. In this society they are initiated into all the superstitious rites. There they are supposed to die and rise again. There they get a new name, and are never called by the old name again. They have to learn a new language called the Nkimba language. When they enter they have to eat a piece of chalk, which they call a pig. Those who are initiated often say that this is not a pig but the Mbaku. The head of Nkimbi will tell them that it is a pig, and if they say it is not they will kill them, and if they ever confess that it is not a pig they will die, and if they ever confess that they did not die and rise again, they will die suddenly. They remain in this society from two to three years, then Mbaku takes them back to the town and shows them the way, and introduces them to their friends, as they do not any more know them, and as they are unable to speak their language, he interprets for some time, until they acquire their original language. They are never known to confess that they did not rise and that they did understand the language when they returned. When people declared that they wanted to become Christians, we had some

test questions, which were suggested by our first convert, Lutate by which we could, at least, tell whether they had given up their faith in their idolatry. The first question was this, Did you die and rise again in the Nkimbi? They are told that if they confess that they did not, they would suddenly die, and often, trembling, they would answer, "No." They were asked if it was real pig or chalk they eat, and if they said chalk, they have confessed the secret, which they are told means sudden death to them. To denounce the Nkimbi is to give up idolatry. The women when they heard these men confess that it was all untrue that they had been led to believe in regard to the Nkimbi were astonished to think that their husbands and brothers should have always deceived them and never confessed the secret.

Just before and during the revival we had some very remarkable answers to prayers. The head of the Nkimbi was about the greatest enemy to the Gospel. He had almost absolute control over the men, and told them if they listened to me they would be bewitched, and I told him before his face and before these men, that he was deceiving them; that he knew that it was all untrue. He said, "Is it not true? You come, and you will see if you do not die and rise again." He was trying to be bold and convert me to heathenism, but I objected, because I thought I might perhaps fall into their hands and die, but was not so sure as to the way I should rise again. His influence over these men was so great that I had difficulty in getting them to listen to the Gospel. There was also another witch doctor, a female, who had about the same control over the women, and when I was preaching to the women she would say that, if they listened to me they would die, and they would run away. There was one chief, who when I preached would take his gun and his people would follow him. I felt that those three were great hinderances to the Gospel. While I was down the country with my wife I asked God, earnestly, to remove all hindrances out of the way. When I got back to Banza Manteke I found the head of the Nkimbi had gone to a palm tree to get palm wine and had fallen down and injured his back and died. The witch female doctor's house had been removed and she was dead and buried, and when I got to the town of this chief I found that he had the fever and died, and so my three enemies were removed. During this time we were in great distress, our goods being delayed through some misunderstanding at the time the mission was transferred to the American Baptist Missionary Union. We attach no blame to anyone, but we were almost entirely with-

out provisions and barter goods. We had children at the Station whom we had ransomed and had to be provided for. We had come to the very last. We had no more food, no more cloth, and I called the children together and told them God would answer prayer, and we must ask Him to send us food, and cloth to buy it with. Mr. Clarke had gone to Lukunga to see how things were and he found some cloth hidden away in a box underneath some other boxes. The day after we prayed Mr. Clarke came in and put twelve pieces of cloth on the table and said, "If you want that you can have it." So our prayer was answered and the people were greatly surprised. I was also a very long time without soap. A rather common article to talk about, but if you are without soap for three months you will value soap as you have never done before. One has to be far more particular in that climate in regard to cleanliness. One must frequently change his linen. It does not matter so much in a clean climate like this, but it is of great importance in the Congo. We had been without soap for nearly three months and felt that I could not go without it any longer. I knew that they had no soap at Palabala or Lukunga, but I went to God and asked Him for it. I said I did not know where it was to come from, but I will just wait. Two days after this Mr. Ingham, who was then an official in the State, but who is now a good missionary, came in and said he wanted to get some things washed and would I let my Jack-wash wash them, as he was going down the the country, and he would get them when he returned. He put two bars of soap on the table and said I could have what was left, after he had cut off a piece for my Jack-wash to use, as he did not wish to be bothered with it. I told him how I had prayed for it and felt that God would give it to us.

During the time of the revival we had two services a day and an evening service, and we had glorious meetings. The testimonies of the converts were given with great power. One day the boy who had charge of the lamps came in and said that the oil was finished. I just lifted up my heart to God in prayer and said, "You cannot mean that these services are to be stopped; we cannot conduct them in the dark." An hour had not passed when the same boy came in and said that a carrier had come from Palabala. I went outside and the first thing I saw a large tin drum. I went and looked at it and the first thing I read was, "Kol zu oil," just the oil we needed. If it had been kerosene, or paraffine, or any other kind we could not have used it. I said to Peter, "Fill up the lamps; God has sent the oil,"

and God continued to bless us in these meetings. I do believe that if we "seek the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness," all the necessary things will be supplied, because it is His promise. We can see that God has never failed us.

It is not only at Banza Manteke, but at our Station, Lukunga, where the Gospel has only been preached four or five years and within the last two years our missionary has baptized more than two hundred. Almost every place where the Gospel has been faithfully preached for any length of time there have conversions. I do not know of such a hopeful field in the world as in the great Congo valley. There are no such great systems of religion as in China and India, such as Buddhism, Brahmanism, but simply fetichism, and the people are naturally intelligent, and when they get to understand that there is something better for them they give up their idolatry and accept Christianity. The people are naturally very plastic, and the people in Africa will be just what we make them. If we do not take the Gospel to them, the traders and others will introduce gin and rum, powder and guns, which utterly corrupt and brutalize the people. Now is our opportunity. God has opened the door for the Church to go in and take possession. All we want to do is to send faithful missionaries by hundreds and thousands to go and win these people for Christ.

The plan of which I have thought for the Evangelization of Africa, is to divide up Africa into sections of 100 miles square. There would be 1,150 such squares.

Supposing you put four missionaries in each of these squares, you would have about 4,600 missionaries, and all Africa would be pretty well occupied, with no Mission established 100 miles from another, and in about twenty years at least all Africa would be brought to the light.

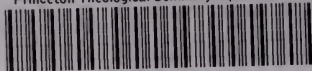
What Africa wants is a magnificent Missionary Company, something like a railway company or a tunnel company, and I have thought a Society could be established which would evangelize Africa. I do not think it would cost more than £5,000,000 sterling, and I think that with about £6,000,000 or £7,000,000 they could have their own ships to go out and take out provisions and cloth and such things. Why could not different Evangelical Associations do this? You Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists, all work in harmony for the Evangelization of Africa.

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